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THE FAKEER:

A TALE.

LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.LVI.

THE

PARKER:

A TALE.

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. Dodsley, in Pall-mall.

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PREFACE.

IT ought to be acknowledged, that the Plan of the following Lines is borrowed from M. VOLTAIRE, who evidently took his Hint from a Paſſage in Pere LE COMTE's Hiſtory of CHINA, which it is thought neceſſary to prefix, in order to ſupport and illuſtrate the Facts on which the Tale is founded.

IT is to be wiſhed, that there was a general Reformation of the abſurd Practice of ſpelling the *Eaſtern* Words after the Manner of the *French*, which muſt lead the mere *Engliſh* Reader who ſpeaks his Vowels ſo very different from the *French*, extremely wide of the Pronunciation of the Natives.

THE *Orientals* moſt commonly throw the Accent on the laſt Syllable: We differ not only from them, but from moſt *European* Nations in removing the Accent back.

For the above-mentioned Reaſons, I have ſpelt the Word *Fakeer* in ſuch manner as to lead the Pronunciation, and direct the laying of the Accent on the laſt ſyllable. Had I ſpelt it *Faquir*, as *Voltaire* has done, the Accent would have been laid by many Readers on the firſt, as it is commonly done with equal impropriety, in *Vizir*, *Nadir*, and *Nabob*. I have ſeen the ſame Words ſpelt *Chiagia* and *Kia*, *Chiaoux* and *Zaus*; and could by many more Inſtances ſhew the Inconveniences of Spelling after the *French*, but ſhall take a more proper Occaſion, being ſenſible that this ſhort Tale is already too much loaded with a Length of Preface.

AN

EXTRACT

FROM

LE COMTE'S MEMOIRS and REMARKS, &c.

Octavo, 1737. Page 335.

THE *BONZES get a great Deal of Money by doing Acts of Penance publickly, which the People eſteem

* BONZE is the general Name for a Prieſt. The proper Term for the poor begging Derviſe is Fakeer; which both in the Turkiſh and Indian Language, ſignifies *poor*. Thoſe of this Sect who retire to deſert Places, and practiſe the utmoſt Auſterity of Faſting and Meditation, are called Jaiguis; that is, united with God. They ſeem for Hours together abſorbed in Extacy, ſeeing, as they fancy, the Divinity in the Appearance of a clear and vivid Light at the End of their Noſe, which they endeavour to effect by fixing both their Eyes equally to that Point, with inflexible Conſtancy.

them mightily for. I have ſeen them dragging after them a long Chain of Iron as thick as one's Arm, about thirty Feet long, faſtened to their Neck, Waiſt or Legs. Thus it is, ſay they, at every Door as they paſs, that we expiate your Faults, ſure this deſerves ſome ſmall Alms. Others in public Places knock their Pates with all their Force with large Bricks, till they are almoſt covered with Blood. They have ſeveral other * penitential Actions; but what I was moſt ſurpriſed at, was this:

One Day I met a Bonze in a Sort of Sedan, very cloſe ſhut, the Inſide of which was like an Harrow full of Nails very thick, with their Points ſticking out towards the Man in the Chair, ſo that he could not bend either one Way or t'other without wounding himſelf. Two Fellows were hired to carry him from Houſe to Houſe, where he begged the People to have Compaſſion on him.

He told them he was ſhut up in that Chair for the Good of their Souls, and was reſolved never to go out from thence, till they had bought all the Nails (of which there were above two thouſand) at the Rate of Six-pence a-piece. If you buy any of them, ſays he, you will do an Action of heroick Virtue, and your Alms are not beſtowed on the Bonzes, to whom you may take other Opportunities of beſtowing your Charity, but to

* Some keep a Fire always burning on their Heads: Others tie their Heels to a Tree, and leaning downwards, are continually ſupplying a Fire with Wood, that the Flame may riſe to their Breaſts.

the

God FO, in whoſe Honour we are going to build a Temple. ſold him, that he was very unhappy to torment himſelf thus in his World for no Good, and did counſel him therefore to come of his Priſon, to go to the Temple of the true God, to be ſtructed in heavenly Truths, and ſubmit to Penance leſs ſe- ere, but more ſalutary. He was ſo far from being in a Paſ- on with me, that he anſwered me calmly and courteouſly, that e was much obliged to me for my good Advice, and would e more obliged to me ſtill, if I would buy a dozen of his Nails, which would certainly make me have a good Journey.

HERE hold your Hand, ſays he, turning on one Side, take theſe; upon the Faith of a Bonze, they are the very beſt in all my Sedan, for they prick me the moſt, yet you ſhall have them at the ſame Rate at which I ſell the others.

THE

THE

FAKEER:

A TALE.

A FAKEER (a Religious well known in the East
Not much like a Parſon, ſtill leſs like a Prieſt)
With no Canting, no ſly Jeſuitical Arts,
Field-preaching, Hypocriſy, Learning or Parts;
By a happy Refinement in Mortification,
Grew the Oracle, Saint, and the Pope of his Nation.
But what did he do this Eſteem to acquire?
Did he torture his Head or his Boſom with Fire?

In

Was

Was his Neck in a portable Pillory cas'd?
Did he faſten a Chain to his Leg or his Waiſt?
No. His Holineſs roſe to this ſovereign pitch
By the Merit of running long Nails in his Breech.

A wealthy young Indian, approaching the Shrine,
Thus in Banter accoſts the prophetic Divine:
This Tribute accept for your Int'reſt with FO, [know;
Whom with Torture you ſerve, and whoſe Will you muſt
To your Suppliant diſcloſe his immortal Decree;
Tell me which of the Heav'ns is allotted for me.

FAKEER.

Let me firſt know your Merits.

INDIAN.

I ſtrive to be juſt:
To be true to my Friend, to my Wife, to my Truſt.

In

In Religion I duly obſerve ev'ry Form:
With an Heart to my Count'ry devoted and warm:
I give to the Poor, and I lend to the Rich-------

FAKEER.

But how many Nails do you run in your Breech?

INDIAN.

With ſubmiſſion I ſpeak to your Rev'rence's Tail;
But mine has no Taſte for a ten-penny Nail.

FAKEER.

Well! I'll pray to our Prophet and get you prefer'd;
Though no farther expect than to Heaven the third.
With me in the thirtieth your Seat to obtain,
You muſt qualify duly with Hunger and Pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth! You impudent Rogue!
Can ſuch Wretches as you give to Madneſs a Vogue!

Though the Prieſthood of FO on the Vulgar impoſe,
By ſquinting whole Years at the end of their Noſe,
Though with cruel Devices of Mortification
They adore a vain Idol of modern Creation,
Does the God of the Heav'ns ſuch a Service direct?
Can his Mercy approve a ſelf-puniſhing Sect?
Will his Wiſdom be worſhip'd with Chains and with Nails?
Or e'er look for his Rites in your Noſes and Tails?
Come along to my Houſe and theſe Penances leave,
Give your Belly a Feaſt, and your Breech a Reprieve.
This Reas'ning unhing'd each Fanatical Notion;
And ſtagger'd our Saint, in his Chair of Promotion.
At length with Reluctance he roſe from his Seat:
And reſigning his Nails and his Fame for Retreat;
Two Weeks his new Life he admir'd and enjoy'd:
The third he with Plenty and Quiet was cloy'd.

To live undiſtinguiſh'd to him was the Pain,
An Exiſtence unnotic'd he could not ſuſtain.
In Retirement he ſigh'd for the Fame-giving Chair:
For the Crowd to admire him, to rev'rence and ſtare:
No Endearments of Pleaſure and Eaſe could prevail;
He the Saintſhip reſum'd, and new larded his Tail.

Our FAKEER repreſents all the Vot'ries of Fame;
Their Ideas, their Means, and their End is the ſame:
The Sportſman, the Buck; all the Heroes of Vice,
With their Gallantry, Leudneſs, the Bottle and Dice;
The Poets, the Criticks, the Metaphyſicians,
The Courtier, the Patriot, all Politicians;
The Stateſman begirt with th' importunate Ring,
(I had almoſt compleated my Liſt with the King)
All labour alike to illuſtrate my Tale;
All tortur'd by Choice with th' inviſible Nail.

FINIS.

To live undistinguish'd to him was the Pain.

An Exile from once he could not sustain:
In Retirement he sigh'd for the Fame-giving Chair:
For the Crowd to admire him, to reverence and fame:
No Endearments of Pleasure and Ease could prevail;
He the Sanctity reclaim'd, and now lauded his Tail.

Our PARNELL rejects all the Votaries of Fame;
Their Ideas, their Means, and their End is the same:
The Sportsman, the Buck; all the Heroes of Vice,
With their Gallantry, Loudness, the Bottle and Dice;
The Poets, the Critics, the Metaphysicians,
The Courtier, the Patriot, all Politicians;
The Statesman begirt with th' importunate Ring,
(I had almost complicated my Lift with the King)
All labour alike to illustrate my Tale;
All turn'd by Choice with th' invisible Tail.

FINIS.